



The Family Circle.

AN OLD FAVORITE.  
CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

I.  
Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,  
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;  
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,  
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;  
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,  
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

II.  
"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,  
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp, and cold—  
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die  
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.  
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white  
As she breathed the husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

III.  
"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—and his accents pierced her heart  
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart—  
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;  
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;  
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,  
Now I'm old, I still must do it; Curfew, girl, must ring to-night!"

IV.  
Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,  
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.  
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,  
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."  
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,  
As in undertone she murmured, "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

V.  
With quick step she bounded forward, sprang within the old church-door,  
Left the old man threading slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;  
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow  
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro:  
As she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray of light,  
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

VI.  
She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,  
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;  
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,  
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.  
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,  
And she springs and grasps it firmly: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

VII.  
Out she swung, far out; the city seemed a speck of light below;  
She 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro;  
And the sexton at the bell-ropes, old and deaf, heard not the bell,  
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.  
Still the maiden clung more firmly, and, with trembling lips and white,  
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

VIII.  
It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more  
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before  
Human foot had not been planted; but the brave deed she had done  
Should be told long ages after;—often as the setting sun  
Should illumine the sky with beauty, aged sires, with heads of white,  
Long should tell the little children, "Curfew did not ring that night."

IX.  
O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,

Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.  
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;  
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,  
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eye with misty light;  
"Go, your lover lives!" said Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"  
ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO WARREN BURNHAM.

BY ROSE CARTER.

"How icy the roads are!" exclaimed Farmer Jackson, as he looked out of the window one cold winter morning, and then turning to his hired man, who was just starting for the barn: "Be careful and not slip down, Ned; I understood that Warren Burnham fell on the ice last night and hurt his back."

"Did he?" said Ned with a stare; it was a habit he had of asking over when anything was said to him, though he could hear just as well the first time as he could the second.

"I said so," returned the farmer, and Ned, without waiting to hear more, trudged off to the barn.

It was his day to carry the milk, so in a few minutes the horse was harnessed, and after loading in the milk-cans and collecting those of three or four neighbors, he started on his long drive of nearly four miles to the station where the milk was to be unloaded. He was not very early, however, and as there were several teams ahead of him he was obliged to wait a few minutes. So he drove up alongside of Will Turner to have a little talk with him and hear the news, for Will always knew everything that was going on, and could tell more news in five minutes than 'most anybody else could in an hour.

"I suppose you knew Henry Howard's children were having the measles," he began, as Ned drove up; "three girls and one boy all down at once, and Henry had to leave his work to help his wife take care of them. I don't suppose he'd mind very much if he did; he is not over-fond of work any way. I've heard people say if he liked his work more and his wife less, 'twould be better for him and other folks too."

"Do you mean to say that Henry Howard drinks?" queried Ned.  
"Well, I don't know; folks say he does. But I guess he's doing better since he worked for Watson."

"Is he?"  
"Yes; but he's only been there a few weeks, since Watson's boy went West."

"Went West?" repeated Ned—that was his habit, you know.

"Yes; didn't you know it? But what's the news down your way? Come, I'm not getting as much as I give."

Thus accosted, Ned replied with due moderation, "Well, I don't think of nothing very special, only they say Warren Burnham has slipped on the ice and broke his back!"

"Mercy! I should think that was enough," ejaculated Will; but he could make no further enquiries, for the teams which had thus far kept them waiting had now gone, and there was no time to lose.

Will unloaded his milk, and the next place he stopped at was the grocery store. After purchasing a few little articles he remarked, "I suppose you've heard about Warren Burnham?" Will always said "I suppose you've heard," when he had any great news to tell people, although, of course, he was pretty sure they hadn't.

The grocer shook his head, and Will went on: "He fell and broke his back, I heard; if that's so I don't suppose he'll ever get over it."

"Well, I declare! that's a bad business," remarked the grocer with a serious face.

The new customer, as soon as Will had gone, was Fannie Shipley, a little girl about twelve years of age, who had been sent by her mother for a pound of tea. "Look here, Fannie," said the man as he handed her the package, "tell your father that Mr. Warren Burnham, over at South Point, has had a fall and broken his back, and isn't expected to live, I believe your father used to know him, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir; he was a schoolmate of his, I think," replied Fannie. So saying she went out of the store and tripped along toward the post-office. Just as she was about to enter, whom should she see coming out but her father.

"Oh, papa! stop a minute," she cried.  
"Well, what do you want, Fannie? Be quick, for you know I am going to the city on business, and it's almost train-time now," he added, pulling out his watch.

"I was only going to tell you what Mr. Martin, the grocer, said. He told me that Mr. Warren Burnham has had a bad fall and broken his back, and they don't think he'll live long."

"Why Fannie, now you say! Poor Warren! But there, I must go or the cars will go without me." And he was none too soon; he had barely time to purchase his ticket and get aboard when the engine shrieked and the long passenger-train glided out of the village.

Mr. Shipley chose a comfortable seat and took out his newspaper, but he kept thinking so much about the disaster which had befallen his old school-mate that he could not read, so presently he said to the man who sat beside him, "Have you heard anything about that man that got hurt up at South Point, Mr. Thornton?"

"No; who was it?"  
"Well, his name is Warren Burnham; I used to go to school with him when he was a boy."

"I guess I don't know him; how did he get hurt?"

"He fell, I heard, and broke his back. They don't expect him to live but a few hours."

"Well, well!" exclaimed his listener, "it's awful, isn't it? I always hate to hear of such accidents; it must be pretty hard for his family, if he has any, and I presume he has."

"Yes, he has a wife and three children; I don't know how they'll bear it, I'm sure."

Shortly after this conversation, Mr. Thornton changed his seat for one a little nearer the fire, and sat down near an elderly woman in a sealskin sacque, who remarked fretfully, "What time is it, please? I think we are going dreadfully slow; it seems as though we would never get to N—."

"It is not time to be there yet," said Mr. Thornton, consulting his watch; "and we are going as fast as usual. What is your hurry?"

"Hurry enough," she answered peevishly, "when I've got a boy at home with a broken leg, and he worrying all the time for his mother!"

"Oh, well, there are worse things than a broken leg even," said Mr. Thornton soothingly. "Why, just think of that man that broke his back; they said he couldn't live but a few minutes, so I don't suppose he's alive now."

"What man? I hadn't heard anything about it," returned the woman.

"His name is Burnham—Warren Burnham—so Mr. Shipley told me; he lived up at South Point. I don't know him."

This gave the discontented mother a new topic to think of, and when a few minutes later she got off at N— station, she was saying to herself, "Yes, I surely do believe it must have been Arthur Burnham's brother; I'll just stop and tell him on my way home; but I presume he's heard of it before this."

Accordingly, she stepped up to the door of Arthur Burnham's house, and being met by him at the door, she said quickly; "Have you heard about your brother up at South Point?"

Mr. Burnham looked surprised. "Warren? No; what about him?"  
"They say he is dead," said the woman, in a tone of awe.

"Warren dead? How sudden! It can't be; are you sure?"

"Oh, yes; it came straight enough; I don't think there's any doubt about it. Broke his back, they said—but I must hurry home and see to poor Jimmy," and off she went.

"Well, I declare! How dreadful—how sudden! I must go right up on the next train and see what I can do for his folks. I should have thought I'd had a telegram before this, but I suppose they're so busy they haven't had time."

It was only a few minutes before the up-train would start out, but Mr. Burnham lost no time in getting ready, and was one of the first to get aboard. It was a sad ride for him, and though his companions talked and laughed around him, he was still thinking of his only brother lying cold and white in his last sleep. As soon as he reached the station, he procured a team at a livery-stable and the four miles of road were soon gone

over which brought him to his brother's house.

Hardly had he tied his horse when the door opened and out came, what?—who?—why? it actually was Warren himself!

Mr. Arthur Burnham was too much surprised to speak till his brother called out: "Why, Arthur, how are you? I didn't think of seeing you."

"There must have been some mistake," said Arthur, recovering himself a little, "I heard you had broken your back and been killed."

"Me?" said Warren in astonishment, "however could such a story get round?" Then, after thinking a few minutes, he said he did remember telling Neighbor Jackson that he had slipped on the ice and came near hurting his back, and by the time it had been told over a few times it would be quite another thing, of course.

If people must tell everything they hear they might at least tell it as they heard it. Because if everyone who repeats a piece of news makes even a slight variation, by the time it has been reported throughout a community it becomes quite materially changed.—N. Y. *Witness*.

## WHEN SCHOOL-DAYS ARE OVER.

Young ladies, do not give up your studies as soon as you have finished school. Prove that your diplomas have been earned by evincing a willingness to continue some mental exertion. It is not what you have learned at school that is going to benefit you; it is the discipline through which you have passed, the powers which you have developed, and the attempts to use them advantageously. Do not, at this early age, imagine that the climax is reached, and that your store of knowledge is sufficient to carry you through the world; that because you have graduated at the head of your class you have accomplished all that can be expected of you. You have really only made a beginning, and it is now that you are most susceptible to improvement. I am not advocating the idea that you should be blue stockings; but I wish I could impress it upon the minds of every one of you that an hour passed each day in some useful study or reading—with the attention riveted upon the matter in hand—will do wonders toward keeping your mind from stagnation. Perhaps you are pretty and winsome, and such a favorite in society that you think there is no need of cultivating yourself further. Do not be flattered into believing this. To all there comes a time of decay; and right here let me tell you something: Age has not so many friends as youth. Beauty fades. The body yields to disease and decay; but a mind made strong by proper vigorous exercise, resists the ravages of time and disease. It is the only connecting link between youth and old age. It will bring you love, sympathy and respect. If you look about you, and see how joyless are the lives of many old people, you will think it worth while to cultivate every grace which will assist in making a happy old age. Do not then, as soon as your school days are over, throw aside your books with joy, thinking how happy you are "to be done with them;" but rather add to your store of books, at least to your store of knowledge. The languages, the sciences, literature, the arts, all invite you. Surely, if your school work has been earnestly done, you must have developed a taste for something. Spend a little time each day in vigorous mental discipline. You will be the brighter for it; you will have a higher respect for yourself, and your friends will admire you. When the time comes for you to have a home of your own, those who share it with you will find you the more companionable, and in the future your children will bless you for it.—M. G. B. in the *Wisconsin*.

## TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

1. The 4,000 saloons of San Francisco take in daily an average of \$10.00 each; how many dollars are paid daily in that city for liquor?

2. There are about 600,000 drunkards in the United States. How many cities of 40,000 inhabitants each would these drunkards form?

3. In the city of Oakland, "the Athens of California," are 200 saloons. If every saloonist sells 40 drams a day, how many drams are drunk daily?